HINTS ON COOKING FROM COLLEGE GIRLS.

A Book of Chafing Dish Recipes by the Young Ladies of Smith.

THE girls of Smith College have issued a neat little book of chafing dish recipes. From it the following are culled:

PLOUGHED FIELD.

Two cups coffee A sugar.
One-half glass of milk.
Two squares Baker's chocolate.
Butter the size of an egg.
One teaspoonful of vanilla.

Stir constantly and boil until it hardens in water. Beat it for five or ten minutes after taking off.

MOLASSES CANDY.

Two cups of molasses.
One-half cup of granulated sugar.
One large tablespoonful of butter.
Flavor with vanilla while boiling.

ENGLISH WALNUT CANDY.

To the white of one egg, beaten stiff, add a pound of confectioner's sugar, stirring the sugar into the egg a little at a time till the mixture is stiff enough to roll into little balls. Add vanilla, and press the balls of candy between the two halves of an English walnut.

BROWN SUGAR CANDY.

Three cups of brown sugar.
One cup of milk.
One-half pound of walnuts or peacans. One-half tablespoonful of butter. Cook sugar and milk and butter, and when it sugars around the edge of the pan add the nuts, chopped fine.

COCOANUT CANDY.

Two cups white sugar. One cup milk. One-half cup of molasses. One-half cup butter. Try as molasses candy, and when done add one and a half cups of cocoanut and a teaspoonful of vanilla.

NUT CANDY.

Boil down any quantity of molasses. When done stir in a pinch of soda. The nuts may be stirred in or put in a pan and the molasses poured over.

BUTTERSCOTCH.

Two cups of brown sugar. Butter the size of an egg. Three tablespoonfuls of milk. Flavor with vanilla while boiling.

WHITE SUGAR CANDY.

Five cups of granulated sugar. One cup of water. One-half cup of vinegar (not strong.) Butter the size of a walnut. Do not stir it after it boils.

CHOCOLATE PEPPERMINTS.

Take two pounds of confectioner's sugar and add enough water to make it the right consistency to roll into balls. Flavor with peppermint and roll out on waxed paper with a rolling pin. Cut out the peppermints. With water in the under part of the chafing dish melt half a pound of Baker's chocolate and dip the peppermints in on the end of a fork. Set on waxed paper to harden.

MAPLE CREAM.

To one pound of maple sugar take half a pint of cream. Cook until it hardens in water. Stir frequently. Beat until cool.

CHOCOLATE CARAMELS.

One-half cake of Baker's chocolate.
Two pounds brown sugar.
One-half pint of cream or milk.
Butter the size of an egg.
Flavor with vanilla just before removing from the stove. Do not stir it, for it sugars easily.

SALTED ALMONDS.

One-half pound of almonds.
One tablespoonful of butter or olive oil.
Salt.

Shell, blanch and dry the almonds. Put butter or oil in the chafing dish, and when heated add the almonds. Cook to a delicate brown, shaking the dish constantly and stirring often to keep from burning. Drain the almonds dry on soft paper and sprinkle with salt.

WELSH RAREBIT.

One and a half pounds of cheese.
Tablespoonful of butter.
Teaspoonful of dry mustard.
Cayenne pepper.
One-half pint of beer or milk.

Put the butter into the chafing dish. When nearly melted add cheese cut in small pieces, mustard and a little cayenne. Stir all the time. Add the beer or milk slowly to prevent burning. Pour hot on toast or crackers.

CRAWFORD'S HEROINES TAKEN FROM LIFE.

The People in the Novelist's Books Have Flesh and Blood Originals.

By Martha McCulloch Williams.

"CERTAINLY I should not have written the same books—it is likely not the same sort of books, if I had not lived a great deal abroad," Mr. F. Marion Crawford said in answer to a question. "I should very like have turned to wholly different subjects," he went on. "My books, many of them, have what one may call either an atmosphere or a background of traditions. American life is new, and, to a degree, unsettled. Though there is a great deal of romance in the period of our Revolution it is not even yet so fully crystallized as to be in the best shape for imaginative handling. I am in full sympathy with all things American, although I recognize that our points of difference with the older life abroad are not wholly to our advantage. Though I was born in Rome, I never lost my American citizenship; my father and mother were careful to have me registered as American in Washington. Then, too, I had an American education. If I have written more of the old world than the new it is simply because it appeared to me to offer a better field for purely imaginative work."

"What of heroes and heroines? Are they truly threatened with atrophy?"

An Old Dutch Dining Room.
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"As I see it, a novel is bound to be a romance, and a romance without a love interest of some sort would be an anomaly. In a very few cases novels have succeeded which lacked the love element. Books of that sort are, however, so rare they can be left out of account."

"Are your people ever insubordinate? Do they persist in doing as they please instead of as you please?"

He smiled and said: "My method makes that impossible. My people have to do as I please—or not be my people at all."

"Have they got flesh and blood originals, those people of yours?" he was asked.

"Almost always," he said, "I get the suggestion of them from a real person, as I get the suggestion of a story from real happenings. But merely the suggestion. A novel to be successful must be in a measure an illusion. To thrust in bold facts, nakedly and crudely drawn, would be inartistic—as inartistic as it would be to cut a hole in the canvas of a great historical picture and set a living head within it. It would destroy the illusion and consequently the reader's pleasure. Another thing—real stories are nearly always inconclusive, often painfully so. I have a great sympathy with the wholesale impulse of readers which leads them to prefer stories which end well. In fact, I think the stories which give the most genuine please are those which make readers feel that they would like to be either the hero or heroine."

"Becoming personal, which of your women do you like best? And which have you most readers among, men or women?"

"As to my heroines, I really hardly know. Perhaps Corrona, the heroine of 'Saracinesca.' She is the favorite of my readers, too. That gratifies me very much, as she is the nearest a portrait I have ever drawn. As to readers of my books, that depends. In America I have, I think, more women; abroad, more men. But that is quite along the lines of history. Among busy people, culture nearly always slips into the hands of women. It was so in the middle ages. Lucrezia Borgia and Vittorio Collonna were more learned than any but the ecclesiastics of their day. When men have fighting and great concerns in hand, they naturally leave letters to their womankind."

"Don't you think there is fashion in literature the same as in dress and manners?" was asked next.

"Without doubt," he assented. "Literary fashions change every year, almost every season. But it is only in externals, the small outer fripperies, which, after all, mean little. A good thing is perennial. Often, indeed, we only find out the real excellence of a masterpiece after it is, as one may say, out of fashion."

CHARMING MANNERS BETTER THAN BEAUTY.

Other Things Besides a Pretty Face Required in a Perfect Woman.

By Shirley Dare.

RARER than red amber or topaz is a woman beautiful in the complete sense; but to be charming is within the compass of most women. For them the art of arts, pour etre belle, signifies not so much mere beauty as it does the collective charms of spirit and wit, pleasing manners, airy gayety, spice and device, the colors of health in cheek and lip, its gloss in the hair, its lightness of step and buoyant carriage—above all a kindliness, a generosity of spirit—that is the very finish, the ribbon and star of human nature.

To be beautiful is one thing; to be charming is quite another. If beauty is not quite as common as strawberries, charm is rarer still. The magic girdle of Venus was the gift of charming, wanting which she was merely a pretty woman. With it she was supreme; Juno without it was faultless and undesired.

Most that we find charming is but the same delicacy and consideration shown in little things. Not to offend in look or manner is a great deal to say of man or woman, and we ought to be equal to this out of regard for others, if not for ourselves. Downright deformity and ugliness of feature do not offend so much as tricks of look and movement. One had rather see a woman with a mustache, or a man with a broken nose, before one all day than a person who wriggles or fiddles with what is next him, or has a trick of blinking or wrinkling up his forehead.

The perversity of mortals who should by precept and example be well bred in these respects is past belief. It would be easier to teach one young man of my acquaintance Greek than to persuade him to observe that first rule of good breeding—to keep the hands still when not in actual use. Equally unpleasant are toilet performances in public, such as biting the lips or moistening them with the tongue. Teeth and lips are in the list of beauties, but I never heard the tongue mentioned there, and the place for it strictly inside with the other viscera. Biting and licking the lips spoils them, leaving them liable to crack or canker, besides being a most underbred habit.

Big, thick lips may be trained into good expression with care, studying and drawing them in before a glass or wearing a linen bandage across them by the hour. Pressure will reduce thickness of any joint or member, and one may correct awkward projections of upper or under lip by studying alone with a mirror and pressing the lips adroitly with a kerchief now and then to align them, in society, till a good habit is formed.

A serious trick which mars many faces is screwing up the eyes to laugh. So many women laugh at nothing, out of good-fellowship, when they meet, as if civility were a series of tee-hee-ng, that their eyes grow smaller for it and gather fine wrinkles that are wholly unnecessary. In the laughter-loving Phoenician faces of the Metropolitan Museum collection you will see a people who knew how to laugh, but were too shrewd to do so for nothing. Their eyes are full and large with laughter, not wrinkled till almost shut with idiotic tittering. The comprehension of a really good joke or comic behavior expands the eye and floats it large with laughter, which is the gift of gods and belongs to the higher intelligences among men.

Manners make graces of defects as a limp may be softened to seem coquettish, as girls made a fashion of the Alexandria limp years ago. Even a hunchback in Watteau sacque, with a good carriage of head, will seem piquant, provided no painful consciousness stamps the features. It is better to ignore defects and make the best of any good quality which exists besides them. One may turn a scrawny figure into a nervous frame for most graceful draperies, a la Sara Bernhardt, or with a stout figure learn a swimming smoothness of movement. When stout never lace till you are short of breath.

MERODE IN A $11,000 COSTUME.

The Actress Poses in the Costliest Gown and Cloak in New York.

(SEE PAGE 9.)

THE American Woman's Journal reproduces to-day a photograph of Cleo de Merode dressed in an opera outfit that costs $11,000. From the tip of her dainty pink slipper to the part in the middle of her famous head of hair she is arrayed in the finest of everything in New York that money will buy.

The photograph, which was taken especially for the Journal, is designed to show exactly how much money a woman of fashion may spend for a single outfit for the opera or ball; exactly what the best complete costume in Greater New York costs and what it looks like.

The magnificent opera cloak worn by Merode is the property of John Wanamaker, and is alone valued at $4,150. It is called the "Pelisse de Merode," after the famous ballet dancer, and was designed by Paquin, of Paris. The material, of which there are yards and yards, is of the richest uncut plush velvet that is manufactured.

A bertha effect is acquired in the upper part of the garment, and the trimming is of real lace. The "Pelisse de Merode" is lined throughout with rich satin to match the velvet. Sable covers all the edges.

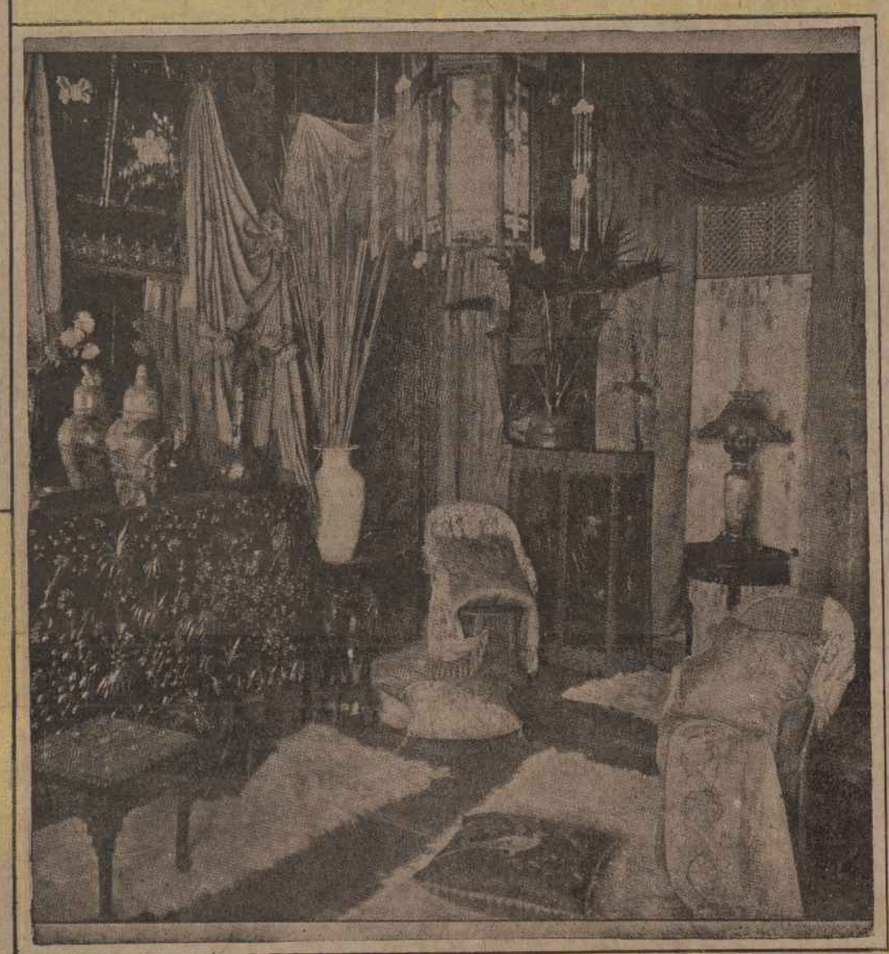
The gown worn with the cloak is a creation of Rouff's. It is of black silk net, covered with chenille dots. Over the skirt and bodice are scattered flying swallows. These are of a combination of blue and black, producing an effect of steel, from which the dress derives its name, "L'Hirondelle."

The underwear that forms a part of the costume is entirely of pink satin.

Cleo's slippers are of brocaded satin, and her stockings of spun silk. The latter are embroidered halfway to the knee with tiny jet beads.

Her fissue is a wonderful cloud of real lace; her fan of mother of pearl and ostrich feathers; her opera glasses of gold and mother of pearl, while her handkerchief is an exquisite bit of rare old lace.

All of the articles worn by Merode came from the establishment of John Wanamaker.



Design for a Japanese Room.
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THE PICTURE GALLERY.

MORE and more has football come to be considered the great national American game. Roughest of all field sports, it still is the favorite among the fair sex—in the capacity of spectators, of course—and where one lone woman goes to see a baseball match or a boat race hundreds flock to a football game.

The Autumn leaves scarce begin to turn before everybody begins to talk football. How many of last year's team will return to the college, and what new stars have been discovered in the freshmen class at that?

The excitement grows fiercer and fiercer every day. Will the wasp-like, canvas-clad "Tigers" from Princeton be able to withstand the terrible onslaught of the giant centre of old Yale? Will the crippled crimson-clad warriors of fair Harvard once more bite the dust before the blue and red of "Pennsy?" Even election pales before the importance of the final great matches.

Who is there among us that has not a favorite college upon whom we have pinned our fondest hopes, and whose final victory is as assured to us as the rising of to-morrow's sun? Be that college what it may, if it doesn't win this year it will next, and we can readily sympathize and even cheer with the Harvard girl on page nine; the Pennsylvania maiden on page twelve, the dashing Princeton Tigers on page thirteen, or the true blue little Yale enthusiast on page sixteen.

Debutantes of Two Cities.

(SEE PAGE 9.)

THESE six portraits of Washington and Baltimore buds, painted by the sun, without any of the artifices that the masters painfully acquire, prove that modern thought has known how to create in reality types of beauty, whereas the ancients had been able to invent theirs only in poetry and statuary.

Intelligence is the exact word to describe them in a group. Intelligence of wit, intelligence of grace, of youth and of charm. Why? Because they are conscious perfections, women who wish to be as they are, who have completed themselves by force of intuition, who have given by daring inspiration the absolute harmony of grace to features that nature had made only delicate and expressive.

In a word, they are American, and all the fineness of the compliment implied in the national designation impresses itself intensely in observation of them, for they are all different, of various antecedents, lands and methods of thought. Miss Marcia Mac Lennan has hazel eyes, golden brown hair and an expression in her finely cut lips which makes one think of an epigram of the Greek Anthology translated by a poet like Steadman.

She saved herself from drowning at Cape May in the surf by a presence of mind which was amazing. Miss Maria McKenna, of California, daughter of the Attorney-General, seems to have escaped from some antique medal, the loss of the figure on which numismatists deplore. If this were true, none would betray her, but enjoy as well the rare spectacle of her comparison with Miss Mac Lennan and the Misses Ernst in Washington's drawing rooms.

Miss Helen Amory Ernst and Miss Elizabeth Lee Ernst are the daughters of Colonel D. H. Ernst, commandmant of West Point. They are brunettes, they are popular, they have a million each.

Miss Louise H. Beall, daughter of Colonel Henry D. Beall, is related to the Wiltshires, Lewises and Schoolfields, of Virginia. Miss Emma Finlay is the daughter of Albert Finlay, a merchant prince. Miss Beall and Miss Finlay are of Baltimore's most elevated pride.